

Digital Discrepancy

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Digital Discrepancy

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

Meno accidentally sends his trainer some nudes, much to their surprise (and delight)

Notes

Comm for DistractedPoptart/Dazed_Rushed_Daffodil!

Thank you for your commission 

Second to last fic I'll probably post before I leave, due to some unfortunate circumstances my ship was changed so I now have one less day then I thought I had.

I'll be doing another kinda information post but anyways THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ENJOYING AND SUPPORTING MY CONTEXT OVER THIS PAST YEAR IT WAS A LOT OF FUN!!

The only thing in your head was the aggressive, rhythmic scratch of your pen signing off on expense reports and training schedules. The air conditioner hummed a monotonous tune, doing little to combat the stifling boredom of a Tuesday afternoon. Outside the window, the faint sounds of Tracen Academy students running drills drifted in, a cruel reminder that life was happening out there while you were trapped in here, buried under a paper avalanche.

You sighed, leaning back in your creaky swivel chair and stretching your arms until your spine popped. You checked the clock. 2:14 PM. You had been staring at the same requisition form for carrots for the past twenty minutes.

Bzzzt.

The vibration of your phone against the desk was startlingly loud in the room. You blinked, glancing down. The screen lit up with a notification from a familiar contact.

From: Fenomeno

Subject: [Image Attachment] (5)

You raised an eyebrow. Usually, messages from Meno were painfully formal, text-heavy blocks of paragraphs detailing his patrol route, a minor infraction he observed near the cafeteria, or a polite inquiry about tomorrow's training regimen. He wasn't exactly the type to send memes, and he certainly wasn't the type to spam images in the middle of a school day.

"Probably evidence of someone jaywalking," you muttered to yourself, amused. You picked up the phone, swiping to unlock it. "Alright, Meno, who's the culprit this ti—"

The words died in your throat. Your thumb hovered over the screen, frozen. Your brain short-circuited, struggling to reconcile the sender's name with the visuals assaulting your retinas.

It wasn't a picture of a crosswalk. It wasn't a report on student

conduct.

It was skin. A LOT of skin.

The first image was a mirror selfie, clearly taken in the locker rooms. It was blurry, frantic, but unmistakable. Fenomeno—your straight-laced, buttoned-up, "check-left-then-right" trainee—was completely shirtless. And god, was there a lot of him.

At that height you obviously knew he was big. You saw him every day in his uniform, the way the fabric strained against his shoulders. But seeing it bare was a violent shift in perspective. His chest was a wall of hard, sculpted muscle, tanned and slick with what looked like post-shower steam or sweat. His pectorals were defined sharply enough to cut glass, leading down to a set of carved abs. The lighting was dim, casting deep shadows in the valleys of his musculature, emphasizing the sheer, raw power of his physiology.

"Holy..." you whispered, glancing instinctively at the office door to make sure it was closed. You should close the phone. You should look away.

You swiped to the next photo.

This one was lower. Much lower.

It was an angled shot from the waist down, capturing the vast length of his legs. He was wearing nothing but a towel that was fighting for its life to stay secured around his hips, dipping dangerously low on one side to reveal the sharp line of his pelvic muscles. His thighs were like tree trunks, thick with muscle, the veins prominent under the skin. It was a display of pure, unadulterated horsepower.

But the third photo... that was the one that made the heat rush to your face.

It was an attempt at a "cool" pose. He was trying to look over his shoulder, flexing his back muscles. But he had clearly messed up the timer. His face was in the frame, and the intense, scary glare he was famous for was completely gone. Instead, his cheeks were dusted with a furious, dark violet blush. His ears were flattened back against his messy, damp hair, and his eyes looked panicked, shifting toward the camera lens with pure, unmitigated embarrassment. He looked flustered, vulnerable, and devastatingly erotic all at once.

He was clearly trying to take progress pics, or perhaps trying to see if

he looked "cool" without the uniform, but the sheer awkwardness radiating from his expression made the raw nudity of his body hit harder.

You sat there, mouth slightly agape, scrolling back and forth. The contrast was dizzying. This was the guy who blew a whistle if you stepped off the curb too early. This was the guy who called you "Boss" with the reverence of a soldier addressing a general. And here he was, effectively naked in your hand, accidentally showing off a physique that could crush a car.

You zoomed in on the first photo again—the chest shot. You noticed a small scar near his collarbone you'd never seen before because of his high-collared uniform. You noticed the way his massive hands gripped the phone, making the device look like a toy.

A treacherous, unprofessional thought crossed your mind: He looks good. He looks really, really good.

The silence in the office had thickened, pressing in on you, heavy and hot. Every single noise seemed to fade into the background, drowned out by the sudden, rushing beat of your own pulse in your ears. You knew that you should put the phone down. You should lock the screen, cough politely at the empty room, and pretend this never happened.

But your thumb didn't move to the lock button. It hovered, trembling slightly, before swiping left again.

You just had to know what the other two looked like, surely they couldn't have been that much worse than the first three. Right?

You were quickly proven wrong as the angle for the fourth photo was... aggressive, to say the least. It was low, looking up, the kind of perspective that made his eight-foot frame look like a skyscraper. It wasn't a towel anymore. No, now he was clad only in a pair of black, tight-fitting sports compression boxers. And they were straggling.

Your breath hitched, catching in your throat with a sharp, audible gasp. The fabric was stretched to its absolute limit, the material sheer enough in the harsh locker room lighting to leave very little to the imagination. The bulge was... massive. There was no other word for it. It was a heavy, thick bundle that strained against the confines of the elastic, the outline distinct and intimidating.

"Fuck, Meno..." you whispered, the words slipping out unbidden, your

voice sounding rough and foreign to your own ears.

He was standing with his legs spread wide in a stance of power, his tree-trunk thighs corded with muscle. But the pose clashed violently with his demeanor. His hands were hovering awkwardly near his hips, as if he didn't know what to do with them, and his head was tucked down. You could see the furious violet flush burning the tips of his ears, which were still heavily flattened. He looked like he was trying to present himself as a dominant stallion, but his heart was clearly beating out of his chest with shame.

The duality of it—the sheer, overwhelming masculinity of his lower half versus the shy, flustered tilt of his head—sent a jolt of electricity straight to your groin. You shifted in your chair, the leather creaking loudly, your legs instinctively pressing together to alleviate the sudden, aching pressure building between your thighs. Your face felt hot, a feverish warmth spreading down your neck.

You stared at the way the waistband dug into his hips, emphasizing the tapered V of his waist. You traced the line of the bulge with your eyes, wondering, with a dry mouth, just how heavy it would feel in your hand.

Your thumb twitched. One more photo. The counter said (4/5).

You swiped.

You couldn't help but stare.

The compression shorts were gone.

It was everything. Absolute, unadulterated exposure. The photo was a full-body shot, slightly blurry as if his hand had been shaking when he took it, but clear enough to burn the image permanently into your retinas.

Fenomeno stood there, stripped of his uniform, his badges, his hat, and his dignity, leaving only the raw reality of his body. He was magnificent. His skin glistened with a sheen of sweat, highlighting the deep grooves of his abdominals and the heavy sweep of his pectorals.

But your eyes were drawn instantly, magnetically, to his center.

He was hard. Fully, visibly hard.

The member standing at attention between his powerful thighs was

thick and vascular, it seemed impossibly large even for someone of his stature. It curved slightly upward, heavy and throbbing, the head leaking slightly. It bobbed in the air, defiant and proud, a stark contrast to the owner's expression.

In this shot, Meno wasn't even looking at the camera. He had turned his head completely to the side, his eyes shut tight, his teeth gritted in a grimace of utter mortification. His hands were clenched into fists at his sides, his knuckles white, as if he was physically bracing himself against the embarrassment of taking the photo. His tail was lashed around his leg, almost fully around—a clear sign of extreme distress.

You bit your lip, hard enough to taste blood. A drop of sweat rolled down your temple. You were staring at your trainee, your friend, the guy who stopped traffic to help grandmothers, and he was standing there rock hard and dripping sweat, effectively offering himself to you on a platter.

The arousal was sharp and immediate, a liquid heat pooling in your stomach. You clenched your thighs tighter, the friction of your own movement sending shivers up your spine. You zoomed in, unable to help yourself, examining the heavy hang of his sac, the veins running along the shaft, the wetness at the tip.

It felt voyeuristic. It felt wrong. It felt incredible.

"You are so..." you murmured, your voice breathless, staring at the screen as if it were a window into a forbidden world. "So big."

You were so lost in the image, tracing the curve of his hip with your eyes, imagining the heat radiating off that massive body, that the rest of the world had ceased to exist. You were alone in that office with him, just you and the terrifyingly erotic thoughts of Fenomeno stripped bare.

The office air, previously stale and boring, now felt thick enough to chew on. It was heavy with the scent of your own arousal and the phantom heat radiating from the glowing screen of your phone.

You bit down on your bottom lip harder as your eyes devoured the pixels. The image of Fenomeno—exposed, rigid, and blatantly erect—burned into your brain, overriding every word in the handbook you swore to follow.

"Just... god, Meno," you whimpered softly, the sound barely audible over the hum of the computer tower.

Your hand, betraying all sense, drifted downward. The button of your pants had already been undone, the zipper lowered just enough to relieve the pressure building in your lower belly. You slid your fingers past the waistband, the cool air hitting your heated skin as you found the damp heat between your legs.

You propped the phone up against your coffee mug, needing both hands free—one to cup the heavy swell of your breast, thumb brushing over the hardening nipple through your blouse, and the other to work a slow, teasing rhythm against your clit.

"So big," you breathed out, your hips bucking involuntarily against the seat cushion. You imagined that weight, the feel, everything from the photo, pressing against you. "You're so..."

Click.

The sound of the door latch disengaging was like a gunshot in a library.

Your heart stopped. Actually stopped.

The heavy door swung inward, moving with the weight of the massive figure pushing it. You froze, one hand down your pants, the other clutching your chest, your face flushed a deep, guilty crimson.

Fenomeno stepped inside.

He was huge. In the small office, he looked like a titan squeezed into a dollhouse. He was in full uniform—the hat, the navy coat, the yellow straps, the heavy boots. He took one step in, his gaze fixed on the floor, clearly bracing himself for something.

He paused.

For a split second—a second that lasted an eternity—silence reigned. You weren't sure what he saw. The desk hid your lower half, but your posture was slumped, your blouse was rumpled, and your hand was suspiciously high on your chest.

"Boss," his voice rumbled, deep and serious, though it cracked slightly on the syllable. "I request permission to... enter."

PANIC.

It hit you like a bucket of ice water. You scrambled.

Your hand ripped itself away from your crotch so fast you nearly gave yourself a friction burn. You yanked your zipper up, the sound of the teeth locking together seeming deafeningly loud, though you prayed the squeak of the chair masked it. Your other hand swiped the phone off the coffee mug, fumbling it, juggling the device like a hot potato before slamming it face-down onto the blotter.

"Meno!" you squeaked, your voice an octave higher than usual. You cleared your throat aggressively, trying to force your heart back into your ribcage. "I mean—Fenomeno! Hi! Yes! Permission granted! Come in! What—what are you doing here?"

You grabbed a random pen, holding it like a weapon, trying to look busy. You could feel the wetness still slick between your legs, a secret, sticky reminder of what you were doing five seconds ago.

Meno didn't look up immediately. He took his hat off, clutching it to his chest with heavy force. His ears drooping slightly downwards, twitching nervously.

"I... I came to report a... a critical failure in my discipline," he stammered, his eyes darting to the side, unable to meet yours.

He looked exactly like he did in the third photo—the blush was there, staining his cheeks a dark, violent purple. But this was real. He was here, breathing the same air.

"A failure?" you asked, your voice breathless. You leaned forward slightly, resting your elbows on the desk to hide your trembling hands.

"The... attachments," Meno choked out. He stood at attention, rigid as a board, but his tail was thrashing anxiously behind him, knocking against the doorframe.

"The images that I messaged to your device approximately four minutes ago. They were... they were intended for a private health log. A secure folder. I... I selected the wrong recipient."

He squeezed his eyes shut, bowing his head sharply. "It is a disgrace! I have exposed you to... to indecent materials! Unbecoming of an officer! I am prepared for disciplinary action, Boss! Please, delete them without... without perceiving them further!"

"Oh," you breathed. "Those."

You should be reassuring him. You should be telling him it's fine, that

you deleted them immediately, that you didn't see anything.

But you couldn't take your eyes off him.

Now that you knew what was under that uniform, the fabric didn't look like armor anymore. It looked like wrapping paper.

Your gaze dragged over his chest. You stared at the fabric of his coat, the yellow stripes, and in your mind's eye, you superimposed the image of those glistening, sweaty pectorals right over it. You knew exactly how the muscle curved under that heavy pocket. You knew exactly where that scar near his collarbone was, hidden right now by his shirt.

"It's... it's okay, Meno," you said, your voice husky. You licked your lips, your eyes traveling lower.

You looked at the thick, heavy-duty belt cinched around his waist. You looked at the straight-cut uniform pants, the way the fabric pulled tight across his thighs as he stood there, tense and mortified.

And you looked at his crotch.

The fabric of his uniform pants was thick, heavy material, but... was there a slight strain there? You remembered the photo. The veins, heavy, dense bulge that had been fighting the compression shorts. You remembered the nude, the way it bobbed in the air, the way...

It was right there. Just a few layers of cloth away.

"I... uh..." You cleared your throat again, realizing you had been staring at his fly for a solid five seconds. "I understand. Technical errors happen. It's... not a problem."

Meno peeked one eye open, looking hopeful but terrified. "You... you aren't upset? Those photos didn't disturb you?"

"Disturb?" you echoed, a hysterical giggle bubbling in your throat. You shifted in your chair, the sensation of your damp underwear rubbing against you sending a fresh spike of heat through you. "No. No, Meno. I wasn't... disturbed."

"I-I see," he exhaled, a massive sigh that seemed to deflate his whole frame. He put his hat back on, adjusting the brim to hide his eyes, though the blush on his neck was still visible. "I was worried I had caused... irreparable psychological damage with my... unsightly lack

of decorum."

Unsightly, you thought, biting the inside of your cheek. If only he knew you were about two seconds away from screaming his name.

"So," you said, trying to regain some semblance of authority, though your eyes kept flicking back to his chest, his hands, his hips. "You were... documenting muscle performance?"

Meno stiffened again, his tail puffing up. "Affirmative! For... strictly analytical purposes! To ensure peak performance for the upcoming Derby!"

"Well," you purred, leaning your chin on your hand, unable to stop the smirk tugging at your lips. "From what I... glanced at... the training is definitely working."

Meno's face went nuclear red. He pulled the brim of his hat down so low he was basically blind. "T-Thank you, Boss! I—I will return to patrol now! Immediately! Goodbye!"

He turned with the grace of a startled tank, nearly knocking over a file cabinet with his hip as he scrambled for the door.

"Meno," you called out before he could escape.

He froze, hand on the doorknob. "Y-Yes, Boss?"

"Next time," you said, your voice dropping a little lower, dangerous. "Just... double-check the recipient. Okay?"

He nodded so fast his hat almost fell off. "Understood! Ma'am! Boss!"

He fled the room, slamming the door behind him.

You sat there in the silence, listening to his heavy boots retreating down the hallway. You looked at the closed door, then down at your phone, lying face-down on the desk.

Slowly, you picked it up. You unlocked the screen. The photo of him, fully nude, was still there.

"Disciplinary action," you whispered to yourself, a weak smile spreading across your face. "We might just have to look into that."

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